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THE INQUISITION.

THE original of the prefixed Engraving is a picture by M. Robert Fleury, which has already excited very considerable interest in Paris, where it forms one of the attractions of the Exhibition at the Louvre for the present season. The Parisian critics appear to be enraptured with the colouring, as well as with the warmth, vigour, and brilliancy, of the artist in this extraordinary picture; whilst the figures and their varied expression, and the clever composition of the whole scene have been amply appreciated by artistical judges. The dramatic interest of the subject will, doubtless, insure the picture extensive popularity; for, although the spectacle which it presents is terrible, and presents little novelty in its treatment, it must be regarded as a vivid illustration of an institution which will ever occupy an important place in the history of modern times, and present no ordinary attractions to the inquiring reader. A brief resumé of the origin, progress, and decline, of this celebrated ecclesiastical tribunal, (styled "the Holy Inquisition," from the judges being called "inquisitors,") may, therefore, be an acceptable pendant to the present Engraving.

Origin of the Inquisition, established in Languedoc against the Albigenses.—The organisation of a tribunal having for its special objects the finding and punishment of heretics, and the enemies of the Catholic faith, is traceable to the thirteenth century, and was instigated by the heresy of the Albigenses. Hitherto, the bishops had performed these functions. In the year 1203, Pope Innocent III. charged two Cistercian monks, Peter de Castelnau, and Raoul, to preach against the Albigenses; which they did with extraordinary zeal. Encouraged by their success, the pope appointed inquisitors, independent of the local bishops, and charged them to follow up the heretics. He named as his apostolical legates a Cistercian abbot, and the two monks just named, and he gave them full authority to reclaim all heretics to the faith, and to deliver up to the secular authorities such as refused to submit. Meanwhile, the bishops, (who thus lost their important rights,) the king of France, and the barons, alarmed at this new institution, which tended to increase the power of the popedom, opposed themselves to the will of Innocent III.; but the legates, so far from being discouraged,

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added to their number twelve other monks of their order, and two Spaniards, one of whom was Dominic de Guzman, the founder of the order of Dominicans. These events, which gave rise to the Inquisition, occurred about 1208. A short time after, the ardent Dominic founded an order of the rule of St. Augustine, whom Innocent III. charged to preach against the heretics; at length, Pope Gregory IX. organized the tribunal of the Inquisition, and confided to Dominicans and Franciscans the offices of Inquisitors.

Attempts to establish the Inquisition in Germany.—The heretics soon became scattered from the middle of France throughout Europe, and the Inquisition attempted to pursue them. Forthwith, the popes became anxious to establish this redoubtable tribunal in Germany. The result was the wars of the priesthood and the empire, when the victory turning in favour of the emperor, he was nearly converted to the Inquisition: certain lords, and the emperor Frederic II. himself, lent themselves to its establishment in their states; but this was in vain: the people rose on all sides, and the perseverance of the inquisitors yielding to the steady resistance of the Germans, the popes renounced their project.

It ought here to be stated that all the people of the north, and especially the English, always recoiled at the Inquisition.

The Inquisition in Italy.—In the year 1231, symptoms of heresy having manifested themselves in Italy, and even in Rome, Honorius established the Inquisition, which soon spread throughout the peninsula. To understand the character of the Italian Inquisition, it should be explained that the popes unceasingly made immense efforts to establish the union of Italy, and to determine in this country the dominion of the Germans: to be a partisan of the emperor was a crime which the Inquisition unrelentingly pursued.

We have said that the Inquisition existed throughout Italy. Naples, however, constantly resisted the orders of the pope, and would never suffer the Inquisition to be established within her walls.

With respect, however, to the republic of Venice, after having, for a long time, opposed the popes, she was compelled to submit.

The Inquisition in Venice.—Venice, by

her position and her power, was entirely beyond the authority of St. Liège. In the sixteenth century, however, Pope Julius II., who laboured unceasingly to establish the Italian union, began his work in conquering Venice with the aid of Louis XII. Venice had hitherto refused to admit the Inquisition, lest by doing so she might furnish the popes with the only means which they wanted to establish their influence forthwith, and subsequently their authority in the seignior. The Venetian senate firmly resisted eleven pontiffs; however, in the year 1280, Nicolas IV. overcame the doge Gradenigo, and then was the Inquisition established in Venice. Gradenigo first proceeded to found a despotic government; hoping that the Venetian aristocracy would use the Inquisition as an instrument of political power to their advantage; but this view was frustrated; for in the struggle between the Inquisition and the senate, the latter were victorious. By the constitution of the 39 articles, (granted in the sixteenth century,) the senate limited considerably the power of the Inquisition, and reserved to itself such authority in the direction of the tribunal, that the pope, who had hoped that the aid of the Venetian juncture would fail, were mistaken in their expectation. The 4th article of this constitution had throughout for its aim the prevention of the Inquisitors from diminishing the temporal authority of the prince. Venice, with due regard to the interests of her commerce, took care to place the Jews and the Greeks beyond the reach of the Inquisition, (art. 24, 25,) and, at length, she only allowed the "Holy Office" to judge in cases of heresy, properly so called, which were clearly defined, and reduced to six in number, and are specified in art. 33.

The Inquisition in France.—The Inquisition originated in Languedoc, as already related; but, Languedoc, or the county of Toulouse, was then a country independent of the kings of France, and was not reunited to their dominions until the reign of Philippe III. Provence, wherein the Inquisition was established, passed into the hands of Charles of Anjou, the brother of Philippe: at this time, its authority partially prevailed in the south of the kingdom, and its extension to the north was attempted; but the policy of the university of Paris, the wisdom of the French clergy, and the will of the sovereign, arrested the inquisitors; and the religious conduct of France during the fifteenth century, compelled the Inquisition to even abandon Languedoc and Provence.

In the sixteenth century, the progress of Calvinism in France led the Guises to believe that they might easily re-establish the Inquisition, which they hoped might be employed as a powerful political instrument. They were encouraged by the king

of Spain as well as by Pope Paul IV.; after the conspiracy of Amboise, the Cardinal de Lorraine proposed to Francis II. the re-establishment of the Inquisition; but the promulgation of the edict of Romorantin, in 1560, which empowered the bishops to take cognizance of the crime of heresy, frustrated the projects of the Guises.

The Inquisition in Spain.—The existence of the Inquisition in Spain may be traced to the year 1252; and it was at Tarragona, in Catalonia, that it was first established. The Dominican order soon spread throughout Spain, and pursued the heretic Albigenses, bigots, and others, with unsparring zeal; and the number of *auto-da-fés* in the kingdom of Aragon, in the fifteenth century, was frightfully great. In Castile, only, during the reign of Isabella, the Holy Office does not appear to have exercised its redoubtable ministry.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Spain was overrun with Jews and Mahometans: the abodes of these foreigners, their great wealth, their connexion with the Moors of Grenada, and the Mahometan population of Africa, struck the Spaniards with terror: numerous commotions took place, in which many thousands of Jews were massacred; and, to save their lives, more than one hundred thousand Jewish families ostensibly adopted Christianity. These new Christians, (*Marranos*), could not, however, conceal their cunning; and to bind them faithful to their new religion, Ferdinand V. handed them over to the judgment of the Inquisition. Torquemada, prior of the Dominican convent of Segovia, obtained from Isabella authority to establish the Inquisition in Castile; and thenceforth the *Marranos* of this country were persecuted to the utmost by the inquisitors.

In 1483, the Spanish Inquisition was constituted by a bull of Pope Sixtus IV., and subsequently confirmed by Pope Innocent VIII. Torquemada being appointed Grand Inquisitor: all the provinces of Spain submitted to his authority; he appointed a general council, which he called *supreme*; and in 1484, a junta of the inquisitors of Seville published a code of 38 articles under the title of "Instructions." Thus constituted, the Inquisition became omnipotent, above the sovereign himself, and an instrument with which the kings strove to establish religious unity in Spain, by driving out the Jews, the Moors, and the Lutherans; to abate the power of the feudality, and establish absolute monarchy, as well as to determine the privileges of towns, corporations, and different orders of chivalry.

The principal acts of the Inquisition are the expulsion of the Jews, in 1492; the expulsion of the Moors of Grenada, in 1502; and the expulsion of the Moriscos, in 1609. By these three emigrations, Spain lost up-

wards of four millions of wealthy and industrious inhabitants. Llorente, the historian of the Inquisition, calculates that between the years 1481 and 1808, there were burnt alive 54,658 persons; 18,049 burnt in effigy, (i. e., who died in prison before the auto-da-fé, for the most condemned after their death, and whose bodies were executed;) with 288,214 condemned to the galleys, or imprisonment. Total, 340,924 individuals arraigned by the Inquisition. Of this number, Torquemada, in sixteen years, burnt alive 10,220; in effigy, 6,840; and imprisoned 97,571. In short, Torquemada alone condemned 114,231 individuals, or one-third of the whole number of the victims of the Holy Office.

Philippe II. established the Inquisition in all the countries of his dominions: in Sicily, in 1512; the Low Countries, in 1566; Sardinia, Lima, Carthage, and Mexico, in 1570: there were insurrections against the Holy Office in all these places; its establishment in the Low Countries brought about the ruin of Holland; but elsewhere Philippe was successful.

In the eighteenth century, during the reign of the house of Bourbon, the Inquisition almost ceased to exist: under Charles IV., there was not one victim burnt, and only 42 were imprisoned. In 1808, Napoleon abolished the Inquisition: it is true that Ferdinand VII. re-established it in 1815; but it was again demolished in the revolution of 1820; and the Spanish colonies were delivered from its rule simultaneously with the mother-country.*

The Inquisition in Portugal.—In 1526, a Dominican monk was dispatched, it is supposed by Pope Paul IV., with a brief to John III., by which the creation of a tribunal of the Inquisition in Portugal was ordained. This tribunal was accordingly established, and persecuted the Jews, as in Spain. It is related to have been an imposture of the monk, who was, for his trickery, sent to the galleys; but the Inquisition was suffered to remain.

Soon after, the conquest of Portugal by Philippe II. gave him fresh power, by which means he consolidated his dominions. After the revolution of 1640 John IV. could only weaken the authority of the Inquisition; but the holy office soon recovered all its power; and, at the death of John, the Inquisition excommunicated his body.

From Portugal, the Holy Office passed into India: it was established at Goa, in 1536, where it persecuted the Protestants, the Jews, and converted Mahometans, who

were suspected of having abandoned the faith.

Already attacked in the eighteenth century, the Inquisition was abolished in Portugal, during the occupation of that country by the French; and it has not been restored.

The entire details of the various modes by which this terrific tribunal wrought its work of infamy in different countries, would occupy many pages. Human ingenuity appears to have been almost exhausted in the multiplicity of its revolting tortures, and its agonizing cruelties. Probably, the records of the Spanish Inquisition are blacker than those of other countries in their catalogue of terrors.* In the *chamber of torment*, the refusal to confess was the signal for torture by the cord, by water, and by fire. In the latter, such as is represented in the Engraving, the feet of the poor sufferer were rubbed with oil and lard, and placed over a fire till they were so roasted that the bones and sinews appeared. Meanwhile, the inquisitor wrings out confessions which another records; the executioner renews the fire, and the superiors watch the progress of the atrocity with intense anxiety. In short, the picture presents throughout a consummation of the horrible.

A LEGEND OF THE BORDER.

'Twas past the time of the sunset hour

The Warden lay in the forest tower,

With a staghound by him lying;

His limbs were stout, and his form was hale,

Yet his eye was dim and his cheek was pale,

For the Warden lay a-dying.

There, save his dog, he was all alone,

And none could list to his heavy groan;

The dog replied by a piteous moan,

And the wind was drearily sighing.

The Warden look'd to the lowering sky

Through the dusky window pane,

Where a streak of lightning quiver'd by,

And all was dark again.

The staghound raised his watchful ear,

And glared his eye of fire;

For a sound swept through the forest drear,

And a cry like that of a wounded deer

Came nigher still, and nigher.

The Warden shook with a nameless dread,

And he strove in vain to raise his head;

"Oh! curse on the broken brand," he said,

"That of my fence bereft me;

And curse on the base marauding train

That reckon'd me as one that's slain,

And to my fate have left me.

Oh for a draught from the forest spring!

Oh for a wave from the breeze's wing!

But all is now denied me.

Come thou hither, my only friend,

Thy dying master thou wilt bend,

Though none are left beside me."

His dog look'd wistful in his face,

Then from the floor he sprang;

* The last person burnt by the sentence of the Inquisition in Spain was a woman accused of having formed a contract with the devil. She was burnt at Seville, on the 7th of November, 1781. The three last inquisitors-general, from 1783 to 1808, did not sentence any one to death.

* The prefect of Seville, to save time in the numerous executions, erected within the city a scaffolding of stone, on which were raised four hollow statues of plaster. In these, victims were slowly burned. This scaffold was extant until the revolution of 1820.

The old stone walls of that lonely place
With dismal wallings rang.
And he seem'd as though he fain would cry —
"Master, dear master, haste and fly!"

Is it the moon, so broad and bright,
That throws on the wall a ruddy light,
Where helm and morion shine?—
Where net, and bow, and tough boar spear,
And antlers of the slaughter'd deer,
Are hung in trophied line?
Where matchlock, pike, and dirk, are seen,
And mantles all of Kendal green,
And velvet caps, and bugle sheen,
With argent greyhound crested?
Where plumes of birds of varied hue,
And sylvan relics not a few,
In wild confusion rested?

The Warden lay on the floor of stone,
His heart's best blood it was well nigh gone,
And he upward turn'd an imploring eye,
As one who felt that he soon must die;
And his dog lick'd his hand and crouch'd him near,
And whined, and shook for very fear;
For there came a low and awful sound
From the shadowy forest trees around,
And brighter still the ruddy glare
Told that a fire was raging there;
And it but breathed on the feather'd fern,
And its shrivell'd stems to ashes turn;
And the trees, with eid all white and grey,
It clasp'd their trunks and they shrank away.
Oh! the sedges him'd when the moat it cross'd,
Yet abroad its arms it wider toss'd,
And it shriek'd, and it roar'd in its ecstasy
As it waved its red hair furiously;
And it came to the foot of the forest tower,
Its glance was bright, and its look was dour,
Yet it kiss'd the ivy stem;
And it climb'd by its aid to the window pane,
And sought an entrance there to gain,
Where the crystal shone with a crimson stain,
Like an oriental gem.

Then dusk and dim the smouldering smoke
In giddy reek on the turret broke;
And the fire, like the tongue of a demon came,
And the casement shrank from its breath of flame;
And the timbured crystal crack'd and fell,
And there swung the stroke of a funeral knell,
When the fire triumphant took its way,
And swept where the Warden dying lay—
He and his dog alone.
Then thick and hot was the blasting air,
And dingy red the lurid glare,
Where rafters, beams, and panels shrank,
And armour fell with a dismal clank,
Upon the floor of stone.

The dog wild howling fled away,
Yet swift return'd again;
The Warden sought a prayer to pray,
In penitence and pain;
Nor text nor bead-roll came to aid,
His soul was darken'd by a shade—
The day of grace was o'er;
A fiery vision flitted past,
A fiery pall was o'er him cast,
He saw and felt no more.

The flame if stay'd at the forest tower
When the bell had toll'd the midnight hour—
It had swept around the fated room,
But rested there from its work of doom;—
The tale is told in the country round,
How the blacken'd relics they were found,
Of the Warden with his form of pride,
And his faithful staghound by his side,
That all for the love of his master died
In lingering agony;
And some there were who loved to tell
Why thus this desperate doom befel,
While some had heard the midnight knell
That rung right dismally;—

And how throughout that awful night
The tower blazed high with a fiendish light,
Yet soon as silvery morning broke,
Nor flame was seen, nor wreathing smoke;
And how, within the spectral tower,
Were drops still seen of a blood-red shower
That sprang from out the shrunken vein
Of that strong man in his writhing pain;
Some said that he a priest had slain—
That scoffing infidel,
And heap'd a sacrilegious store
Beneath the flags of the old stone floor,
Reft from a shrined cell.

REINHOLD.

THE BISHOP AND HIS HOUSE-KEEPER.

In a city in the south of France, which we will not name at present, there lived a few years ago a bishop, a kind, amiable old man, severe to himself, indulgent to others, so good and charitable that everybody loved him. His house was a model of propriety and hospitality; it was managed by an old housekeeper, Madame Pichard. In a bachelor's establishment the supreme authority is always exercised by a lady. Madame Pichard was the very model of housekeepers, and everything went on admirably under her administration. Her only source of trouble was her husband, a drunken, quarrelsome old man, who, at the time of our story, was carried off by a dropsy produced by his excesses. A few days after his death the bishop went up to his housekeeper's apartment to pay her a visit of condolence.

"Well, my dear madam," began his lordship, "I have called to endeavour to console you in your afflictions. You must not grieve too deeply: we are all mortal you know, and sooner or later we come to the end of our earthly pilgrimage; your husband's is now ended—it would have been better if he had not spent so much of it in drinking, but still the mercy of heaven has no bounds."

"Your lordship is very good; but, to say the truth, I was not thinking of my husband at all; I will not deceive you."

"Really!" answered the bishop.

"Your lordship knows that my husband was a drunkard, that he used to beat me, and sell my clothes to buy liquor with; for my own part, I am only sorry that he lived so long."

This was a kind of funeral oration for which the bishop was hardly prepared, and it was with no like astonishment that he replied—

"That is not a very Christian frame of mind, I'm afraid; did you not love your husband?"

"Your lordship would not ask me that question if you knew how I came to be married."

"You must tell me all about it," said the bishop, with the curiosity of age.

"And your lordship does not know anything about my Augustus," continued the housekeeper, in a melancholy tone.

"Your Augustus, Madame Pichard? Pray explain."

"I was born at Boulogne, if it please your lordship. At fifteen they called me the village beauty, and I suppose, when eighteen, I was not much uglier; but excuse me, Sir," said the old lady, drawing back her chair, "I am going to tell you a love-story, and I shall only tire you."

"Go on," repeated the dignitary, "we are both of us old now, and can talk about such nonsense without danger."

"There lived in the village a young man, tall, finely formed, with blue eyes, and curling light hair; I think I can see him now; all we girls used to pull caps for him; he was what our parents called a wild young man; his name was Augustus, and we all used to call him 'handsome Gussy.' He soon singled me out, and when my father went to Paris, and my mother was out of the way, he was always at my side. When one gets to be an old woman, and has a great grown-up girl to take care of, one rails at lovers; but still that was the happiest time of my life—I remember it as if it was yesterday. I was proud of my Gussy, who was our village beau, and he soon quitted all the other girls to pay his court to me. All this sounds very strange to your lordship, no doubt. My father and mother would never have agreed to my marrying so wild a fellow as he was; they forbade him the house, but we used to meet often in secret; he would prow around all day only to get a single look of me, and then, oh how happy and proud I was! One day, my father had gone to the city with a load, and I slipped out to try to see Augustus for a moment; we had not seen each other for a fortnight! I met him in the high-road. If your lordship knew what a delight it is to meet one's lover, when one is just eighteen, and has been parted from him for a fortnight, you would comprehend what one feels; I forgot father, mother, everything. We stood under a tree by the road-side, looking into each other's eyes; we were so happy that we did not even speak. A cart came along, it was my father's; he saw us, sprung out, and began to beat me for having met Augustus against his orders. I am certain that if he had attacked Augustus himself, he would not have resisted; but the poor fellow could not bear to see me suffer, he attacked my father, and they fought desperately. My father caught up a stone, and split open Augustus' head; he, on the other hand, dealt the old man such a blow that he fell senseless."

"Oh run, run, Augustus!" said I, "if the police should catch you, you are lost!" He obeyed me, and fled, and I have never seen

him since. My father soon came to, and gave me a dreadful beating. He determined to marry me off, and easily found a man who was willing to take me without any affection, in consideration of a good dowry. When I was tired of being beaten every morning and night, I became Madame Pichard. I never loved my husband; he knew that my father used to beat me, and he followed his example. We wandered over the whole of France, in great want and misery for the most part, till your lordship's kindness gave us support. That is my story."

"And what became of handsome Gussy?"

"He thought he had killed my father, and left the village. He was a lad of courage; no doubt he enlisted; perhaps he is now a colonel, general, or count, who knows? unless he was killed in battle. But I cannot believe that he is dead; I have been looking for him these forty years; I expect every moment to hear him knock at the door, and see him come in with his graceful figure, his mild blue eyes, and waving locks."

"So, then, you suppose, my good lady, that your Gussy is just the same now as he was then?"

"So I fancy, please your lordship."

"Why, that is folly; your Augustus has grown old like other men; by this time his face must be wrinkled, his head bald, and his figure bent double. If you were to see him now, you would not know him."

"Oh, that's impossible! I can't believe that he's so changed; but at any rate I should know him among a thousand. Put him in the middle of an army, and I'll lay my life I'd recognise him at the very first."

"You are mistaken, madam; you dwell in fancy on the youth of twenty, not on the old man of sixty-five; and Augustus, himself, if he was to see you, would not know you. To prove this to you, you have both of you lived six months in my house without either's ever suspecting that the other was—"

"What? what does your lordship mean?" asked the old woman anxiously.

"To undeceive you, Margaret—I am your Augustus."

Madame Pichard sprung up from her chair, and held up both hands; she could not believe him.

"Oh dear! is your lordship 'handsome Gussy'?"

"Certainly."

"The handsomest young fellow in the village?"

"Yes, Margaret, forty-five years ago."

"Was it you that I used to meet down in our garden?"

"Alas! yes, Margaret."

"Was it you, your lordship—I mean Augustus—I mean your lordship, that my father hit with a stone?"

The dignitary took off his scull-cap, and shewed a distinct scar on his shaven crown.

"I can tell you all in a very few words. When I thought I had killed your father, I fled across the frontier. I took refuge in a convent; the good fathers gave me an education; I wanted to go back to France to claim your hand, when I heard of your marriage. I determined to take orders; I abandoned the idle pursuits of my youth, and devoted myself to study and prayer. I returned to France; I preached some thirty years, when I was nominated to the see I now occupy. You must stay with me, Margaret; we are both of us so old and so changed now that there is no danger in the remembrance of the past. You see now that your fancy was fed by mere illusion, the object of your first love was before your eyes, yet you did not know him, nor he you. Nothing is lasting in this world, my child; all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Madame Pichard continued to be the very model of a careful housekeeper. The servants stood in awe of her, and believed that she was crazy, for they often heard her mutter to herself when she thought she was alone,—

"Oh dear! his lordship my handsome Gussy—oh dear! oh dear!"—*From the French.*

THE TWO SAILOR MONKEYS.

THE first of these sailed on board a frigate, and, though always in scrapes, was the favourite both of cabin and ward-room, and indeed of every mess, except the midshipmen's, being perhaps disliked by these young gentlemen, for the same reason that poor cousins (as a French author observes) are ill seen by us, to wit, for approaching them too nearly in nature.

All his pranks, however provoking at the moment, seemed only to make him a greater favourite with the crew. The captain himself, who studied pug's happiness as much as the others, and who perhaps thought he might be somewhat steadied by matrimony, was anxious to provide him with a wife.

For some time the happiness of the wedded pair appeared to be complete; and the frigate sailed upon a summer cruise during their honeymoon. The husband, however, soon grew indifferent; and indifference was soon succeeded by disgust. This was manifested by angry looks, chatter, and even blows upon the female persevering in her attentions.

All were much disappointed and scandalised at the evil success of so promising a union.

At length, however, an apparent change took place in the husband's conduct, and was hailed with correspondent joy by the ship's company. Their pleasure was, how-

ever, of short duration, for the traitor, having one fine day decoyed his wife out to the end of the fore top-gallant yard, as if to shew her something at sea, and set down with her on the spar, slipt his paw under her sitting part and tumbled her overboard. I never shall forget the momentary horror with which this was witnessed by all, with the exception of a French captain, then a prisoner on board, who, turning to the second lieutenant, exclaimed, "Parbleu, Monsieur, ce drole-là a beaucoup de caractère."

Another sailor monkey, who came under my cognizance, if he did not shew so much character (or, to speak better English, so much mind) as the first, was certainly a beast of infinite humour. He went to sea, accompanied by a bear, with a relation of mine, who was captain of a small sloop of war, and who professed to take them with a view to keeping his men in good humour. I believe it was to minister to his own amusement. Probably both objects were attained.

The monkey principally extracted his fun from the bear. This beast, who was of a saturnine complexion, indulged himself much in sleeping on the sunny side of the deck. On these occasions the monkey would overhaul his paws and twitch out any hair which he found matted by tar or pitch, the suffering which to remain seemed to be a great scandal in his opinion.

At other times he would open Bruin's eyelids and peep into his eyes, as if to ascertain what he was dreaming about. The bear, irritated at such liberties being taken with his person, used to make clumsy attempts to revenge himself; but his persecutor was off in an instant. The rigging was, on these occasions, his place of refuge. Thither he was indeed followed by his enemy; but poor Bruin was but an indifferent top-man, and seldom got beyond *lubber's hole*.

The monkey, on the contrary, was famous for his activity, and for some time was entitled by the sailors, "Deputy-captain of the fore top." He obtained this designation from a very singular practice. Having observed the excitement produced on deck by the announcement of a sail a-head, which, as well as the chase which followed, seemed to be highly agreeable to him, the foretop became his favourite station; from whence he made his signals with great energy, chattering with a peculiar scream when any vessel was in sight, and indicating by signs in what direction it appeared.

Pug continued to volunteer his services for some time in this manner, and constantly found his reward. But, at length, upon the sloop's getting on bad cruising-ground, he found his employment dull, and, by way of enlivening it, amused himself with giving false alarms.

He was started for this by the boatswain's-mate, and lost his rank of deputy-captain of the fore top. In lieu of which, moreover, he was new-named *Monk the Marine*; a denomination which he certainly knew to be opprobrious, as he resented it with grimaces, chatter, and, whenever he dared, with blows.

Though he was fond of the excitement of a chase, he was not supposed to have good nerves, and those who had seen him in action (he was, after the first experiment, always sent below) made but an ill report of his steadiness under fire.

This poor monkey came to a melancholy end. He had observed a sick lieutenant, who breakfasted after the rest of his mess, making his tea, and being accidentally left alone in the gun-room, determined to imitate him. He, however, succeeded ill in his mixture; for he infused a paper of tobacco which was lying on the table, into the pot, instead of tea, and afterwards swallowed it with its accompaniments of milk and sugar. This ill-imagined beverage produced the most fearful commotion in his inside, attended with long and loathsome vomitings; of which he finally died.

The doctor, who was a materialist and an atheist, and a most quarrelsome fellow, (he had killed two brother officers in duels, one for only calling him Dr. Gallipot,) attended him with more care than we had expected; but the poor beast (as the parser said) was outward-bound, and could not be recalled.

The surgeon pronounced that Pug died of the *diac passion*, and announced this as a reason for believing that man was but a better breed of monkey.*

A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

THE eastern extremity of the Taurus Mountains in Nassau, though little known to English tourists, would well repay those who might be tempted to explore it. This part of the chain presents, in its narrow pastoral valleys, clear purling streams, and wooded heights, scenery of the utmost beauty, differing from that nearer to the Rhine in its character of sylvan solitude, and, perhaps, surpassing it in variety. The district here referred to might be fairly included within a triangle drawn between the towns of Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, and Hamburg.

One of the most beautiful homes of this district is Eppstein, ten miles distant from Wiesbaden, and delightfully situated at the point of junction of four different valleys. "This village," says the author of *An Autumn near the Rhine*, "is one of the most wild sequestered abodes of man I ever beheld. Though almost all the mountain villages in

Germany have the same feudal character in their buildings and positions, I should select Eppstein in preference, on giving the most perfect notion of the secluded fastness of a feudal baron and his vassals. Everything here carries one back to the days of chivalry. The situation of the village, wedged in a narrow defile, between rocks and mountains, in the centre of a wild district remote from the habitations of man, and where nothing but the object of security could induce any mortal to pitch his camp—the solid walls and low portals which inclose about twenty or thirty mean houses—the massive towers and donjons of the old baronial castle, perched, like an eagle's nest, on the most accessible point of rock overhanging the village,—the winding approach up the mountain half hid with brushwood,—everything transports one back to the thirteenth or fourteenth century; and a slight stretch of imagination might people the scene with the grim figures of the Count Gedeftroi, of the Count Eberhard of Eppstein and his mailed attendants, arriving under the castle turrets from an encounter with a neighbouring knight. The village and its inhabitants have an air of uncivilised and primitive rudeness, which does not ill accord with the illusion."

The family of Eppstein seems nearly as old as that of Nassau: many of its members were chancellors of the empire and archbishops of Mayence. One of them crowned the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, at Aixa-Chapelle, and afterwards was made Patriarch of Jerusalem. The line became extinct in the sixteenth century: several of their monuments still exist in the village church.

"The founder of the family was, of course, a hero; and the report of the neighbourhood is, that a knight, named Eppo, hunting in the forest hard by, heard the sobs and lamentations of a female, whom, on penetrating into the forest, he found seated on a rock by the side of a cave, wiping away her tears with her long tresses, and pouring forth bitter lamentations. She told him she was chained there by a giant, who had slain her kindred, and carried her away from her father's castle. The giant was absent in the forest, but returned every day to sleep at noon, on the summit of the mountain. Sir Eppo vowed to deliver her; and the lady entreated him to go to her castle in the neighbourhood, and procure from the blind warder a magical net hanging up in the hall, which her father had brought as a booty from Palestine. The knight hastened to procure the net, and stretched it on the spot where the giant slept. The lady strewed it over with flowers—the giant lay down in it—was taken, and hurled from the summit of the rock by the knight to the valley below; of course, the lady gave her hand to her de-

* From a clever *jeu d'esprit* published in the year 1825.

liverer. The knight built a castle on the rock, which he called Eppstein, (Eppo's rock,) and here he dwelt with his bride. To prove the truth of the story, a whale's rib, deposited over the gateway, is still pointed out as one of the giant's bones."

About three miles from Eppstein is Konigstein; the road whither lies through the pretty vale of Fischbach. "The whole landscape, the hanging woods, variously tinted by autumn, the jutting rocks, the sombre sequestered recesses in the glen, and the lonely stillness which pervades the scene, sometimes reminds one of some of the least wild of *Salvator's* romantic scenes, or of the cool and lovely valleys of *Gaspar Pousain*."

CLOT BEY'S ACCOUNT OF EGYPT.

(Concluded from page 61.)

The European *employés* of the Egyptian government are not so numerous as might be supposed. The soldiers do not now need the discipline of foreigners. There are in the schools from twenty to twenty-five European professors, most of whom are Frenchmen.* The workshops and manufacturing establishments of the government contain, likewise, several directors and workmen, French, English, and Italian. But all sorts of adventurers go to Egypt, thinking to make a harvest by their charlatanerie. There is the military schemer, the artilleryman with his projectiles that will destroy the strongest places, and set on fire whole fleets. One presses to reveal to the Egyptian government the secret of a submarine boat. Another will propose a system of hydraulics promising marvellous results, or machines of a prodigious power. There are quack physicians: one brings an infallible specific for the cure of the three principal endemic maladies of Egypt, dysentery, ophthalmia, and the plague; whilst another confines himself to the deliverance of Egypt from the curse of ophthalmia.†

Sharpers, by means of letters of recommendation, too freely given, often get received as "very honourable seigneurs;" and Clot Bey relates some amusing adventures of the celebrated Baron of Wulfengen, who gave out one fine morning, that his pretended wealth and chateaux in Germany had never any existence but in his conversation and the credulity of his kind courtiers. "These, then, besides the cost of their own obsequiousness, were left minus their advances to him, which were not alto-

gether less than from fifty to sixty thousand francs. This was no small harvest of speculation for an agreeable sojourn of between fifteen and eighteen months, made at Alexandria by the Baron de Wulfengen."

We pass over the reviewer's remarks upon the rapid advancement of civilization in the East, in the present century; and upon the government, institutions, and political resources created in Egypt by Mehemet Ali, between whom and Peter the Great there are many points of resemblance in their passions for practical and organic reforms; though Clot Bey, with the characteristic pride of a Frenchman, strives to gain for Mehemet the glory and honour of a second Napoleon, rather than that of a second Peter.

Proceed we, however, to a few details of the Pacha's reforms. French officers were almost exclusively employed in the formation of the Viceroy's infantry and cavalry. The Pacha's military forces amount to 130,402 regular troops, and to 47,678 irregulars; the national guards are stated at 47,000. After the destruction of Mehemet's fleet at the battle of Navarino, M. Cerisy, in April, 1829, began to re-construct and re-organize the navy: he first built the arsenal of Alexandria; and on January 3rd, 1831, the first vessel of 100 guns was launched. At present, the naval power of the Pacha consists of 11 ships of the line, 7 frigates, 5 corvettes, 4 schooners, and 5 brigs, carrying an effective force of about 16,000 men.

Clot Bey's account of the system of public instruction, and of schools, is exceedingly cheering; as is also that of the public works, such as the vast improvements in canalization, the barrage of the Nile, the lighthouse of Alexandria, &c., which have employed annually as many as 335,000 individuals.

Nothing so full and satisfactory on the nature of diseases in Egypt, and their treatment, the state of medicine, and the organization of medical establishments, has hitherto appeared, as in Dr. Clot's work. To the mode of bringing up the Arab from his infancy, is attributed his freedom from many disorders which attack the natives of other countries. One cause of the excellent constitution of the Arab Egyptians is their great sobriety, their abstinence from animal food, wine, and other alcoholic drinks. The majority are "real tee-totalers," for they drink only water; the Christians and the Jews alone make use of wine, and especially of brandy. Coffee, however, is a stimulant much used by them; and Clot Bey is of opinion that an habitual indulgence in it produces that injurious enervation and languor for which the Orientals are noted. Opium is rarely used among the Egyptians, though many in-

* Yet it does not appear that there are more than seven hundred or eight hundred French, and from eighty to one hundred Englishmen dwelling in Egypt. The number of Italians is about 3000.

† About two years since we were assured by a gentleman who had just returned from Egypt to this country, that all offers of aid made to Mehemet Ali were referred to his very able engineer, "Galloway Bey."

dulge in *hasehich*, a substance not much less deleterious than opium. The use by them of the vapour-bath and its accompaniments, is a great preservative of health and cleanliness. The Egyptians arrive to a great age: Dr. Clot speaks of a man whom he had seen 130 years of age, without any other infirmity than cataract in one eye; and he knows another, now living, at 123 years of age, who enjoys a perfectly sound state of health, and has several children, the eldest of whom is 80, the second 74, the third 3 years old, and the youngest only a few months. This man at the age of 82 cut six teeth, which he was obliged to have immediately extracted, on account of the pain and inconvenience they occasioned him.

"In his advice to foreigners settling in Egypt, Clot Bey cautions them against the too free use of animal food, and of every kind of stimulating nourishment, of wine and alcoholic liquors. He observes that mortality among the English resident in the country is far greater than that of other foreigners, in consequence of their dogged adherence to their native customs and usages in this respect."

The plague, as endemical, shews itself almost every year at the same time in the Levant, and in the ancient land of the Pharaohs, and as such generally with a subdued intensity. When it appears under its epidemic form, which happens at intervals of six, eight, or ten years, like the Asiatic cholera, it occasions the most horrible ravages wherever it prevails. "The plague is not contagious," says Dr. Clot, "and the great majority of medical men who have studied the malady of late years are of my opinion. This belief, moreover, has always been that of the Mussulmans; never have they avoided the contact of the pestiferous, nor must we suppose this notion of theirs to be the consequence of a ridiculous fatalism, and that from all times an entire people would voluntarily expose themselves to so dreadful an evil, acknowledged to be contagious, when they might so easily protect themselves from it."

Dr. Clot has made some original suggestions in regard to ophthalmia, the primary cause of which he conceives to be meteorological, or climatic, or what has hitherto escaped our observation. The different authors that have written upon Egypt have very rarely mentioned in their works calculus derangements; probably either because they had no opportunity to make researches into the subject, or because they did not imagine there existed in Egypt an affection which has been generally supposed to be confined to cold and humid regions. Dr. Clot, as before observed, has operated for calculus in more than 160 cases.

"Mental derangements are very rare in

Egypt: in Cairo, containing about 300,000 inhabitants, there are not more, it appears, than from 30 to 40 persons affected that way. Nervous and rheumatic affections are very rare, and the gout is entirely unknown. Tetanus is seldom met with; and what is very extraordinary, in a region subject to a burning climate, and where animals of the canine species abound, which often suffer much from hunger and thirst, no one instance of hydrophobia, says our author, has been known in men or animals."

Consumption, so general in more northerly latitudes, is exceedingly uncommon in Egypt. Pliny tells us that the Romans were wont to resort thither to be cured of this complaint, or for the purpose of preventing its development. And yet, of the Abyssinians and Negroes who come from warmer regions, a great number die annually of this malady. On the other hand, the northerners, as Turks, Greeks, French, English, Germans, Italians, &c., enjoy the immunity of the natives. "Do not these facts," says Clot Bey, "demonstrate that heat (*chaleur*) is one of the powerful conditions which prevent the development of this disorder. If I had to give advice to the rich who are languishing, nay dying, in their own country of pulmonary consumption, or to those who are predisposed to it, I should say, instead of travelling to various parts of Europe, and finding little or no benefit therefrom, come to Egypt, which offers you greater chances of ultimate restoration than any other place."

With respect to the security of life and property in the dominions of Mehemet Ali, it is perhaps greater here than in the best governed state of Europe. If we contrast the anarchical state of Egypt in Volney's time, with what it is now, the enlightened labours of the viceroy will appear in a very strong light: nay, he appears on assuming power to have said with Sixtus the Fifth: "I wish, that in my dominions every one should be able to carry his purse in his hand, and even leave his door open of a night, without running any risk."

The people of Europe may reasonably rejoice at these improvements in the civil and social system of the East. Their fortunes and commercial relations are no longer subjected to a thousand perilous risks. England has now, by the Red Sea, the route to India open and free. Thousands of camels are placed at her disposal, to transport at a low rate from Suez to Cairo her travellers and her merchandise. Mehemet Ali has even shewn, in peace and in war, a ready disposition to protect the interests and to facilitate the concerns of English commerce. Other nations also are admitted to enjoy the benefits which Egypt offers to commerce, and the security which

the viceroys has provided for exchanges, transactions, and travels.

Lastly, the moral change which the Pacha has wrought among his subjects, is much more extraordinary in itself than all his military, political, commercial, agricultural, and other improvements. He has attacked bigotry and fanaticism at their very source; and by letting in per force the lights of knowledge upon his subjects, he has done more to overturn the empire of a creed essentially adverse to human amelioration, than all its declared enemies put together. This moral improvement will doubtless, in its consequences, if allowed to proceed, be productive of results still more important to the cause of civilization.

GEMS FROM PHILOSOPHERS AND DIVINES.—NO. IV.

"If these little sparks of holy fire which I have heaped up together do not give life to your prepared and already enkindled spirit, yet they will sometimes help to entertain a thought, to actuate a passion, to employ and hallow a fancy."—*Bishop Taylor.*

"Above Work."

I HAVE always considered this, (says Paley,) as a most unfortunate phraseology. And, as habitual modes of speech have no small effect upon public sentiment, it has a direct tendency to make one portion of mankind envious, and the other idle. The truth is, every man has his work. The kind of work varies, and that is all the difference there is. A great deal of labour exists, beside that of the hands; many species of industry beside bodily operation, equally necessary, requiring equal assiduity, more attention, more anxiety. It is not true, therefore, that men of elevated stations are exempted from work: it is only true that there is assigned to them work of a different kind; whether more easy, or less pleasant, may be questioned; but certainly not less wanted, not less essential to the common good. Were this maxim once properly received as a principle of conduct, it would put men of fortune and rank upon inquiring, what were the opportunities of doing good, (for some, they may depend upon it, there are,) which in a more especial manner belonged to their situation or condition; and were this principle carried into anything like its full effect, or even were this way of thinking sufficiently inculcated, it would completely remove the invidiousness of elevated stations.

Newton's Lost Time.

I don't know what I may seem to the world; but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.

Harmlessness of Death.

Death is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quiet him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

—*Bishop Taylor.*

Instinct and Reason.

Brute creatures equal, if not exceed, men in a bare retentive memory. Through how many labyrinths of woods, without other clue of thread than natural instinct, doth the hunted hare return to her mews! How doth the little bee, flying into several meadows and gardens, sipping of many cups, yet never intoxicated, through an ocean of air, steadily steer herself home without help of card or compass! But these cannot play an after-game, and recover what they have forgotten, which is done by the meditation of discourse.—*Fuller.*

Pride and Misery.

Pride does not measure happiness so much by its own conveniences as by the miseries of others; and would not be satisfied with being thought a goddess, if none were left that were miserable, over whom she might insult. Pride thinks its own happiness shines the brighter by comparing it with the misfortunes of other persons; that by displaying its own wealth, they may feel their poverty the more sensibly.—*Sir T. More.*

Virtue and Friendship.

Pope said a few hours before he died: "There is nothing meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship is but a part of virtue."—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

Time.

Time speeds away—away—away;
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets sear;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts;
The rose-bloom from the cheek decays,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim, and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away;
Like torrent in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that bless'd;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away;
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly, or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed—from stage to stage
He bears us on—from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless Eternity.

Knox.

True Glory.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of: it is, in some measure, doing the business of God and Providence.—*Pope.*

Worth of Epitaphs.

There is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.—*Swift.*

True Victory.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—*Tillotson.*

Keeping Secrets.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them: such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.—*Colton.*

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

The subject of the exclusion of friends is one which has been too much overlooked in our reformed systems of Prison Discipline. Why should we endeavour to make the prison as painful, as torturing, as possible, without the infliction of physical thumb-screws, pulleys, and Spanish-boots? Is the great end for which we say we institute solitary cells, the awakening of moral feelings, and the restoration of its proper tone of innocence, to the corrupted heart,—to be accomplished by forbidding the unfortunate prisoner ever to see or hear the endearing associations of father, mother, wife, or child; or do not the tender, and melting, and purifying ideas their visits would excite, aid the other appliances and connexions with humanity, and a higher principle inculcated by the ministry of God and his medical attendant? Of a verity, we are too inhuman in our projects; too refined in our exclusions of natural instinct from the prison-house. Instead of barring the cell inmate from sunbeams,* and from society, we would plant a wide garden-plot with trees, filled with singing-birds, and pretty, harmless, flowers; we would let him bask in the golden ray, and feast his eye on the shooting leaf; his wife should not be far from him; his child should once

* We have seen in several of the newly-erected more or less solitary confinement prisons of England and Scotland, that the cell windows are so constructed as to admit a little light, but exclude the sun! We will not characterize, as we ought, this cruel detail of a cruel system in a Christian land.

more climb upon his knee: God, man, nature, grace, solitude, society, and judgments, mixed with mercy, should all call him back to innocence and purity; and then we might hear at last, that gaol reformations were not Utopian!

We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Oscar, Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, for the general tone of real humanity pervading the pages of his pamphlet "*On Punishments, and Prisons*," lately published at Stockholm. He demands, for instance, that mother and child shall never be separated; that the prison fare shall not be a starvation torture; that the prisoner's earnings shall not all be swallowed up to reimburse the State; that efforts shall be widely and zealously made by local committees, and general inspectors, to provide honest employment for the discharged victim of crime, poverty, or ignorance; and that, above all, education, poor relief, and Christian love, shall endeavour to prevent, rather than to punish, breaches of the law. Sentiments such as these do Prince Oscar honour,—they will flourish when thrones are forgotten, and empty titles shall be no more. They will smooth the pillow of disease and death in this world, and will "go before" to brighter realms, to welcome him to laurels which will never fade, to a crown which shall never be removed from the immortal temples it wreathes and enfolds. "*I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.*"—From an admirable paper in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published.

THE BOTHERATION CLUB.

THIS club was the invention of the late Lord Barrymore, who was, in some respects, a worthy imitator of the celebrated Rochester. Angelo, in his *Reminiscences*, thus describes this eccentric Society:—"This was instituted for the purpose of

* All parties agree that, even in the new-cell gaol, partial reform is rather the result of terror, or of prudence, than of conviction.

† In this work, we are presented with the following interesting

Table of Annual Executions.

		Inhabitants.
Spain	one in	122,000
Sweden	"	172,000
Norway	from 1822 to 1834	720,000
Ireland	from 1835 to 1837	none
England	one in	300,000
France	"	250,000
Baden	"	447,000
Austria, in Germany	in 1834	400,000
Württemberg	"	1,230,000
Pennsylvania	"	840,000
Bavaria	"	750,000
Prussia	"	820,000
Vermont, since 1814	"	2,000,000
Belgium, since 1830	none	1,700,000

playing off a confederate annoyance upon some stranger guest, invited for the purpose: suppose a resident at the house, for instance, sent an invitation, by the connivance of his lordship, to some tavern companion, a grave, topping shopkeeper in London, to come and pass a few days as a guest at his lordship's table, and to partake of the festivities at Wargrave. The person invited was received with great ceremony, and treated in the most courteous manner throughout the first day. On the second, some one, perhaps Anthony Pasquin, or the younger Edwin, two wicked, witty ministers of his lordship's waggeries, would hatch up some fallacious charge against him, to place him in a ridiculous point of view to the other guests, most of whom were confederates in the hoax. One present would begin, "Pray, Mr. Higginbottom, will you allow me to take wine with you?" "Sir, with great pleasure, but my name is Benson." "You are a wag, sir," was the reply. "Come, let us hob and nob, sir; but 'pon my soul, you are so like Mr. Higginbottom, my neighbour, in Elbow-lane, that—excuse me—I could have almost sworn—" "No, sir, I assure you, I know no gentleman of that name." At this moment a confederate enters, and after bowing, and apologising for being so late at dinner, begins to tell his lordship the cause of his delay, on the road, when he suddenly exclaims—"Ah, my old friend Higginbottom! Well, this is a pleasure, indeed!" "Indeed, sir, you have the advantage of me; I am not Mr. Hig—hig—what's his name?" Then a loud laugh at Mr. Benson's expense; when he appeals to his friend who invited him thither; but he has purposely left the table. He then throws himself upon the protection of his lordship, who gravely observes, "Sir, appearances are against you; your friend has disappeared, and—I know not what to think." Benson, bewildered, begins to asseverate, that he is identically "John—Jabus—Ben—son;" when another adds to his embarrassment, by declaring, "Why, Higginbottom, you are smoked." "What do you mean, sir?" "Why, sir, ha, ha, ha—that you are Isaac Higginbottom, mousetrap and nutmeg-grater manufacturer, in Elbow-lane, and the greatest wag in all London." And these confederate jokers continue their play upon the worthy cit, artfully playing him with wine, until the fumes of the grape, working with his confusion, baffle his brain, so that he ultimately forgets whether he is Benson—or Higginbottom."

Obituary.

SIR THOMAS EDLYNE TOMLIN.

DIED, on the 1st inst., *Sir Thomas Edlyne Tomlin*, in his 80th year, the well-known compiler of the *Statutes at Large* and the

Law Dictionary. The deceased knight was called to the Bar in 1783; he was admitted a bencher of the Inner Temple in 1823, and filled the office of Treasurer to that Society in 1827. His first appointment of note was in May, 1801, as Counsel to the Chief Secretary of Ireland; and at the close of the said year, he was appointed Parliamentary Counsel to the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland, which he filled until the consolidation of the Treasuries in 1816. In 1818, he was assistant-counsel to the Treasury. For some years after he was called to the Bar, he was editor of the *St. James's Chronicle* newspaper. For his talents in his profession, the learned gentleman received the merited honour of knighthood in 1814, from George IV., then Prince Regent.—*Times*.

MRS. MOUNTAIN.

On the 3rd inst., at Hammersmith, *Mrs. Mountain*, the once charming English singer, at a very advanced age. She made her first appearance as Miss Wilkinson, at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1782, with very great success; and at Covent Garden in 1786, where she became acquainted with Mr. Mountain, leader of the band, to whom she was married, and who survives her. Mr. Mountain is one of the principal second violins belonging to the Philharmonic band. *Mrs. Mountain* retired from the stage in 1815.—*Times*.

THE RT. HON. T. P. COURTNEY.

At Torquay, on the 7th instant, whilst bathing, the *Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtney*, aged 59, formerly Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Commissioner of the Board of Control, and for several years M.P. for Totnes. Mr. Courtney was also a gentleman of high literary attainments: he was an occasional contributor to the *Foreign Quarterly* and other *Reviews*; and a short time since, a series of elegant critiques upon Shakespeare's historical plays, from his pen, appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

The Gatherr.

The Trafalgar.—The following armament will be furnished to this magnificent ship:—

	Guns.	Inch.	Cwt.	Length.
Lower Deck,	4	8	55	ft.
	28	33 pounds,	55	ft. 6 in.
Middle Deck,	3	8	65	ft.
	23	33 pounds,	50	ft.
Main Deck,	24	32 pounds,	41	ft.
Quarter Deck,	6	33 pounds,	45	ft. 6 in.
Forecastle,	14	32 lb. carronades	17	

130

Singing is now taught in Paris in fifty-two schools, on the system of mutual instruction, comprising upwards of 1500 adult scholars and 5000 children.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

Wages of Members of Parliament.—The catchpenny title of the *Black Book* is not an idea of our times. In the archives of the corporation of Guildford, in Surrey, is an ancient manuscript called the *Black Book*, in which is recorded the amount of wages paid to the representatives of the borough, who attended the parliament held at Westminster, in the 35th year of Edward III. They stayed there 28 days, for which they were remunerated at the rate of 12 pence per day. The expenses of the burgesses, Walter Wideland and Roger Lombard, at the parliament held in the 37th Edward III. amounted in all to 4*l.* 4*s.*; and having received a payment in part, of 39*s.* 6*d.*, on the Sunday after the festival of Corpus Christi, they made a donation to the county of 13*s.* 4*d.* for the repair of the Shire-hall. —Russell's *History of Guildford*, quoted in Brayley's *History of Surrey*, a laborious compilation.

Medical Books are the most dangerous that any person can take to perusing—except metaphysical ones;—for it is, indeed, a less evil to injure the constitution by ignorant treatment, and to induce valetudinarian feelings and habits, than to sophisticate the understanding and poison the mind. Goethe has well said, "He who thinks too much of his body becomes sick; he who does the same by his mind becomes mad."

Paper has been made in Belgium from asparagus ends. We recommend it to the cook for lamb cutlets.

Speaking French.—It has now been clearly ascertained that the words *Anglois, François, fameux, fétiois*, &c., were formerly pronounced the same as *moi, toi*, &c. The change in pronunciation took place after the marriage of Catherine de Medici, in 1553, when a number of Italians became attached to the French court; these persons could not pronounce the *oi*, and it became fashionable at court, in deference to the queen, to pronounce it as *ai*; Voltaire was the first who introduced this system in his writings, after which it became general. Boileau, Racine, and Molière followed the early and correct method.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

Insects in Chalk.—Professor Ehrenberg has ascertained, that a cubic inch of chalk possesses upwards of a million of microscopic animalcules; consequently, a pound weight of chalk contains above 10,000,000 of these animalcules. From his researches it appears probable that all the strata of chalk in Europe are the product of microscopic animalcules, most of them invisible to the naked eye.—*Times*.

Queen Caroline.—Mr. Wilberforce, in his Diary, observes: "One can't help admiring her spirit, though I fear she has been very profligate."

The Soothing System.—Captain Maconochie, superintendent of Norfolk Island, has lately made an experiment upon the 1850 doubly and trebly convicted felons there, which is worth the attention of the advocates of the silent and separate systems at home. On the occasion of her Majesty's birthday, the Captain ordered fresh pork to be issued, instead of salt meat, rum and sugar to make punch, a play to be acted by the convicts, (whether the *Beggar's Opera* or *Jack Sheppard* is not said,) and fireworks to be let off at night. In the morning, the whole 1850 men played at cricket and other games; at dinner every man had a bumper of punch to drink the queen's health, after which, the air was rent by three tremendous shouts, Maconochie standing by and seeing every glass served out. The men then resumed their sports, and in due time the play was acted in the large mess-room. At eight, every man retired peaceably to the barracks. Not a single instance of tumult, disorder, or accident, occurred during the day, nor a single man in confinement that evening or next day. It may be thought that Captain Maconochie had gone too far; that he was incurring a most tremendous risk by letting loose 1850 felons in a small secluded island, with the very trifling means he possessed of resistance; but he had exacted from them, on the previous day, a pledge that decorum should be preserved; and that every man at eight o'clock, when the bugle sounded, would retire to his quarters; he had told them solemnly, that on redeeming their pledge, his future confidence and their welfare would depend; and he had a full reliance that an indulgence never before granted on the island, would not be abused. The event proved that he was not deceived.—*Quarterly Review*.

Lightning.—A curious instance of the effect of an electric current was lately observed, at Revigny, in France. A man had taken refuge from a violent storm at the entrance of a cave in a rock, when he was struck by lightning, and killed. On examining his body, the buttons of his coat, which were a mixture of pewter, were found melted, each in one half of their extent; and a portion of the metal they had lost was discovered firmly adhering to the soles of the man's shoes.

Oxford.—The groves and gardens at Oxford are the work of Brown; and if ever Cowper's precept of giving "ample space to narrow bounds" was realized, it has been in these delightful gardens. It was said, that when George III. paid his first visit to Oxford, he declared that his dominions did not contain such a specimen of gardening skill; and yet they are comprised within a boundary of four acres!—*Dibdin's Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 87.

A Truth.—I become more convinced every day I live, that quiet and repose are the secrets of happiness, for I never feel so near an approach to this blessing as when in the possession of them. *General society is a heavy tax on time and patience, and one that I feel every year less inclination to pay, as I witness the bad effect it produces, not only on the habits, but on the mind.*—*Lady Blessington.*

Italian Women.—The absence of any effort to shine, the gentleness without insipidity, the liveliness without levity, and above all, the perfect good nature that precludes aught that could be disagreeable to others, form the distinguishing characteristics of the manner of Italian women from the princess to the peasant, and are alike practised by all with whom they converse.—*Ibid.*

French Character.—Every Frenchman in the middle or lower classes believes himself capable of arriving at the highest honours. This belief sometimes half accomplishes the destiny it imagines; but even when it fails to effect this, it ever operates in rendering Frenchmen peculiarly liable to rush into any change or measure likely to lead to even a chance of distinction.—*Ibid.*

Children.—The child of noble birth is known by the simplicity of its dress, and the good manners of its *bonne*; while that of the *parvenu* is at once recognised by the showiness and expensiveness of its clothes, and the superciliousness of its nurse, who, accustomed to the purse-proud pretensions of her employers, values nothing so much as the attributes that indicate the possession of wealth.—*Ibid.*

Death by Lightning.—After one of the late tempests, a poor woman was found near Hatfield, killed by lightning. The newspaper report of the circumstance states: "the body presented no appearance of having been struck by the electric fluid, and death is supposed to have been occasioned by alarm and over excitement." The fact is that "few persons who have not inspected a human body struck by lightning, have a correct idea of the mode in which the stroke effects a sudden termination of life. The visible alterations in the frame afford a striking contrast to the ordinary ravages of what is termed disease. The machinery of the body appears nearly perfect and unscathed; and yet, in none of the multitudinous forms of death is the living principle so summarily annihilated."—*Popular Errors Explained*, p. 37.

St. Marylebone Savings Bank.—The number of deposit accounts during the year ending July 3th, has increased from 12,445 to 12,881; and the sum invested, from £243,469 to £260,852.

The Advantage of the Bible to Prisoners.—The Bible has produced results in Protestant countries which can never be expected amongst us. It would be as absurd on our part to imitate too closely the mode of moral instruction of other countries as it would be to adopt their method of agriculture. Amongst Protestants, a prisoner furnished with a Bible can become his own pastor or instructor, whereas the Catholic form of worship requires, on the contrary, publicity and a long train of ceremonies. With nine-tenths of English and German prisoners, the Bible becomes an old acquaintance; with nine-tenths of our people it would appear a new work, which none of them have ever been taught to read. The question here is, not whether religion is or is not a principal medium of amelioration or reformation amongst prisoners in general; it is enough to acknowledge that such an instrument in our hands is wanting, and that we must look for it elsewhere.—*The Prisons of the Seine*, by M. Barthelemy Maurice.

Social Life.—The difference between the social life of ancient and modern times is by no means so great as mankind have been led to believe. Artificial institutions, however ill devised, still leave us men and women, parents and children, lovers and friends, servants and masters, mutually dependent and depending, conscious of the dignity of our nature and the excellence of virtue, subject to the temptations of sense and the tyranny of passion. In every age, at all events among every civilized people, the great elements of social interest must have been the same.

St. Michael's Oranges are prized for their thin rind, abundance of juice, and freedom from pips, all which depend upon the age of the tree. The young trees when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind, and an abundance of seeds; but, as the vigour of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number, until they disappear altogether. Thus, the oranges that we esteem the most are the produce of aged trees, and those which we consider the least palatable come from plants in full vigour.—*A Winter in the Azores*.

Spots on the Sun.—Two pretty large clusters of spots are just now traversing the sun's disc, and will arrive about its middle on the 26th instant. There are about six spots connected with each cluster, and one of these spots, which is nearly round, has a very dark nucleus, and a well defined penumbra. Its diameter is about as large as that of the earth, or about 7000 or 8000 miles. On the 3rd instant, a third cluster, consisting of a number of smaller spots, appeared near the sun's eastern limb.—*Times*, July 9th.

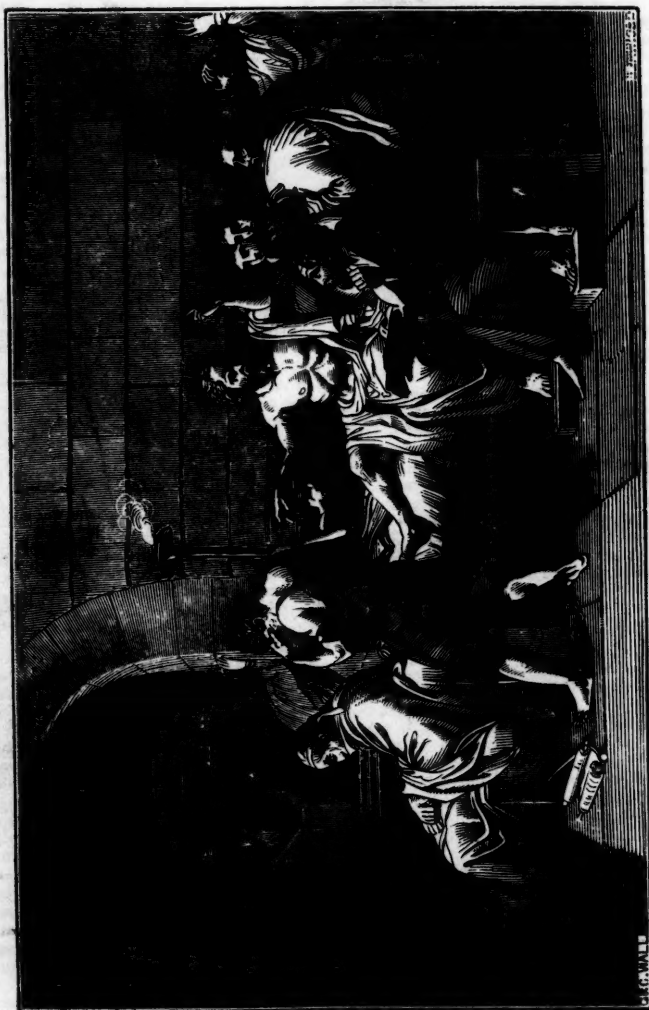
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DEATH OF SOCRATES,
FROM A PAINTING BY LOUIS DAVID.